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# EDITORIAL: Dunedin's Landlords Are Shit and Something Needs to Change

**Over the past few years Critic has covered a lot of tenancy stories about landlords and property managers being cunts:**

- Mike "Dunedin's Dodgiest Landlord" Harbott rented properties that were "unliveable" and then just refused to pay when the Tenancy Tribunal ruled that he had to reimburse tenants across his flats for over \$10,000. Some of those tenants went as far as getting a debt collector involved. He also threatened the tenants in his properties not to go to the Tribunal and not to speak to media (spoiler: this becomes a recurring theme).

- We wrote an article about just how difficult it is to navigate the Tenancy Tribunal, and wrote about a tenant whose landlord also suddenly became uncontactable after being ordered by the Tribunal to pay the tenant compensation.

- We wrote about how Dunedin landlords were using illegal fixed-term contracts for flats that are legally boarding houses; if you live in a boarding house you can leave with 48 hours' notice.

- We reported on how fucked it is that UniFlats don't have to obey tenancy law and how a bunch of international students aren't happy that the University comes into their flat without giving any notice.

- We wrote about how messy things can get when a flatmate leaves and the rest of the tenants are responsible for their rent under their collective tenancy agreements, with some students being forced to pay thousands of dollars of someone else's rent.

- We reported on Cutlers Property Management's "exploitative" rent bidding campaign, where tenants had to bid in rent to sign the iconic student flat Debaacle. Within two hours of our story going online Cutlers cancelled the competition and apologised.

- We covered Four Walls Property Management Company cutting off all communication with tenants for months and ignoring their requests for repairs.

- We wrote about how Dunedin landlords are leaving insulating their properties to the absolute last minute, after new legislation from the government required it.

- We wrote about Cutlers Property Management being unhelpful and unresponsive to tenants. After we approached him for comment on the story, Matt Cutler threatened to expose the tenants' private information online if we didn't pull the story.

This week we're back on the boarding house train; Erin

Gourley is investigating a landlord who repeatedly made her tenants sign illegal contracts. We're also talking about how the Tenancy Tribunal seriously dropped the ball and made an incorrect ruling, upholding an illegal contract when the same Tribunal made the ruling that meant it was illegal only a few months prior. The Tenancy Tribunal is supposed to be an impartial body that solves disputes between tenants and landlords. It kind of seems like they're not doing a great job. Oh also the landlord threatened us not to publish the story or face "FURTHER ACTION!!!!!!!" "!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" You'll find the story in full over the page.

We've only dipped our toe into the cesspit that is Dunedin tenancy problems. There are so many shit landlords and property managers out there and the Tenancy Tribunal, which is tenants' only recourse, is overly complicated and difficult to navigate at best.

One of the potential solutions that has been floated is requiring a landlord license.

Effectively in order to be a landlord and rent out your property you'd need to prove that you're capable and trustworthy, and landlords would get demerit points if they repeatedly show they aren't. This system has been applied successfully in parts of the UK for some time. Check the news section to see which of the candidates for Dunedin City Council support a landlord licence.

Landlords have so much power over their tenants and the only requirement to become one is enough money to own a house. The result is that a lot of landlords are pieces of shit and act as if the law doesn't apply to them. It takes a student magazine calling them out on their bullshit to have any impact at all.

We need something to keep the fuckers in check. Landlords hold the health and livelihood of their tenants in their hands, and it's not fucking good enough if they drop the ball.

**By Charlie O'Mannin**



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## ISSUE 21

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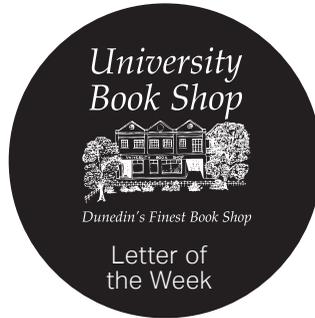
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# CRITIC

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**Letter of the week wins a \$30 voucher from  
University Book Shop!**

### LETTER OF THE WEEK

*Dear Critic,*

I was working at the Agnew St party on a few weeks ago, when a young woman was carried out of the party by three strangers. She was in a very bad state. One of the group, a 3rd year nursing student named Harriet did her profession-to-be proud, while the others kept the patient as warm and dry as possible, liaised with the ambulance service over the phone, and kept the crowds at bay. Before I had a chance to thank them properly, the patient was in the ambo, and they had melted away into the crowd.

I wanted to extend my heartfelt thanks to these people for stepping up in very trying circumstances, and displaying all the empathy, kindness and competence you could hope for.

Cheers you three. Massive respect.

**Mark, Campus Watch**

*Hey Critic,*

I read how many? 3 articles begging students to turn up to the SGM. I mean fair, they need to fulfil their voting quota. My question is, why didn't any of those articles talk about whether or not there was free food? All you have to say is that there is food, we will come. Then you only have to do one article on the bloody SGM, and can actually dedicate your time to what the people actually care about, like the booze review or snap of the week.

Someone after free food and booze reviews  
I don't own any pants from Hallensteins

**Jim**

*Hello*

While I was biking (lawfully, in full hi-vis, with my lights on, on the bike lane, being a good little cyclist) after the rugby game last Saturday some people leaned out their car window and yelled "get a f\*\*\*ing car you pussy".

First of all, rude.

Second of all, surely there is something more productive you can get angry at.

Thirdly and lastly, please don't abuse cyclists who don't deserve it. It's pathetic.

**From a concerned road user**

*Dear Critic,*

I've been internalising a really complicated situation in my head, and I need to express the thoughts that have been plaguing my mind for days. Recently, I rediscovered the TV show Baggage on YouTube. It's a 2010 dating show hosted by Jerry Springer, where three contestants expose various levels of emotional baggage to one suitor to "air out the dirty laundry" if you will. The baggage ranges from something small like "I eat Donuts once a day" to the large like "I'm \$500,000 in debt". But the real twist is that the winning contestant (out of the real three) finds out the original suitors baggage, and then determines if they should pursue a date or not. To me, this is the pinnacle of television. It combines the drama of Jeremy Kyle with the bullshit of The Bachelor. Jerry Springer is sexy as and could still get it. But it also the thought of it torments me. Who came up with this show? Why would people expose themselves like this? Do they have morals? What would my biggest bit of baggage be? Is it that I'm too much of a skuxx? Why have I been watching this for the past three days?

With the success of the Analog Tinder you guys did a few weeks ago, I propose you do an Analog Baggage. People submit themselves to expose their baggage for everyone to read and probably make a mockery of.

**Please make this happen,**

**Genessey Hriffiths**

Is OUSA  
**THE SHIT**



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**“WE SUGGEST YOU WRITE ABOUT OTHER PROPERTY NOT OURS WHICH YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT . THERE IS ALREADY ANOTHER ARTICLE FULL OF LIES ABOUT IT BY RETALIATING LYING TENANT AND MORE LYING AWFUL CRITIC REPORTERS.”**

↩ Reply

↩↩ Reply all

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## **Boarding Houses: How to Save Money and Become Involved in a Legal Dispute**

By Erin Gourley | Staff Writer

**Don't you just hate it when your landlord emails to say that "your father is DISGUSTING PUTRID AND RUDE"? And accuses you of "RUDENESS, DISGUSTING BEHAVIOR, DISGUSTING MOCKING AND BULLY LAUGHING, RUNNING YOUR MOUTH 10000 MILES AN HOUR WITH BS"? That's the kind of treatment that Jason\* went through at the start of 2018. It's not hard to see why he wanted to leave his flat. Jason tried to get his fixed-term lease ended early, but the Tenancy Tribunal ordered that he was bound by the lease and, like most tenants, had to pay rent on the property until his landlord found a replacement.**

The thing is, the Tribunal was wrong because the Heriot Row house Jason was living in was a boarding house, and tenants can end a boarding house tenancy and leave with 48 hours notice, regardless of the contract that the landlord gets them to sign. The Tribunal should have known that, considering that it was the Tribunal itself that had ruled the house a boarding house, only months earlier.

Sam, another 2018 tenant of the same property, figured out that the Heriot Row property was a boarding house with the help of his mum and a 2018 Critic article about the prop-

erty and managed to get out of his lease at the Tenancy Tribunal by reminding the Tribunal that the Heriot Row property was a boarding house. His landlord, Karen Brown, is not happy about the 2018 article. She recently emailed Critic a link to that story and said "REMOVE YOUR FILTHY STINKING LYING BITCH-WHINING BULLSHIT STORY ABUSING US OFF THE WEBB NOW OR FURTHER ACTION!!!!!!!!!"

When emailed for comment about whether she had rented out the Heriot Row boarding house on an unenforceable, illegal fixed-term lease and led students to believe that they had to pay rent on a fixed-term basis, Karen Brown said "WE SUGGEST YOU WRITE ABOUT OTHER PROPERTY NOT OURS WHICH YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT . THERE IS ALREADY ANOTHER ARTICLE FULL OF LIES ABOUT IT BY RETALIATING LYING TENANT AND MORE LYING AWFUL CRITIC REPORTERS."

Brown also denied that the property was a boarding house in 2018, despite Sam's Tenancy Tribunal order confirming that it was. To be clear, Brown has since changed the way she rents the property and it no longer meets the definition of a boarding house. But it did meet that definition in 2017 and 2018, according to Tenancy Tribunal rulings.

Once Sam knew his exam dates, he gave notice of when he would be leaving the flat for the summer. And he didn't have to pay rent for that last month and a half after he had left the property. He saved himself \$1125.

If your flat meets these five easy requirements, you can save money like Sam. Your flat is a boarding house if:

- There are one or more bedrooms with shared living spaces, bathroom(s), and kitchen;
- There are at least six tenants (or at least six rooms, if some are unoccupied);
- The lease lasts for more than 28 days;
- The tenants are granted rights to occupy specific bedrooms;
- The tenants don't decide who lives in which bedroom, the landlord does.

Brown, who has appeared in 25 Tenancy Tribunal orders since 2016 for her four properties, took Sam to the Tribunal to seek that extra rent. She lost. Sam didn't have to pay the rent for the end of the year. That order was made in June of this year.

The Tribunal first ordered that the Heriot Row property was a boarding house back in 2017. By mid-2019, Brown's application for rehearing in the Tribunal had been declined

and a District Court appeal had agreed that the property was a boarding house. The status of the property as a boarding house was clear.

In the time between the Tenancy Tribunal's 2017 order that the Heriot Row property was a boarding house and Sam's case, seven tenants were ordered to pay rent on the basis that the fixed-term lease was enforceable. Nothing had changed about the property; it was still a boarding house. But the tenants didn't know the law, so they didn't raise that argument.

The burden is completely on tenants to figure out that a property is a boarding house and raise that with the Tenancy Tribunal. If tenants don't make the argument, the Tribunal will enforce the fixed-term lease against them and order them to pay the rent, which is exactly what happened to Jason.

When Jason rented a room in the Heriot Row boarding house, he was not happy with the state of the property. Soon after moving in, he sent Brown a list of problems he found. She told him that his complaints were "A OUTRIGHT DELUSIONAL BLATANT LIE" in an email that Critic has.

Among other things, there were piles of empty boxes and bags in the living areas. "WHAT IS TRASH TO ONE IS TREASURE TO ANOTHER," his landlord wrote in an email. "THOSE ARE USEFUL BOXES AND BAGS." She had a claim for everything, even describing the gaps around the windows in Jason's room as "GOOD PASSIVE VENTILATION".

Jason called in his dad to help, and Brown began to send unfriendly emails. After a phone call, she emailed him "[Y]OU ARE ALSO DISGUSTING AND ARROGANT IN THINKING YOU KNOW IT ALL THEN USING YOUR DELUDED THOUGHTS AND BS TO TRY TELL ME OFF". It continued, "HENCE IF I SAID 'FUCKING ASSHOLE' [on the phone] THEN IT REALLY IS WARRANTED".

After these interactions, Jason wanted to leave the flat pretty quickly. But he had signed

a fixed-term lease and he didn't know that he could leave. So when the landlord said, "U MUST PAY TILL REPLACEMENT TENANT WHICH IS NOT FOUND YET", he continued to pay rent. Then she told him "[Y]OU MUST PAY RENT FULL YEAR WHILE YOU PERSIST IN BEING SO UNREASONABLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Not wanting to face that kind of living situation for a whole year, Jason went to the Tenancy Tribunal to get out of the lease. And he succeeded on his claim about the state of the property. But the Tribunal said he had to pay rent up until the date of a new tenant taking the lease.

The property was a boarding house, and Jason had given 48 hours' notice. But he hadn't made the argument that the property was a boarding house, so the Tribunal didn't consider it – even though the same Heriot Row property that the same Tribunal had previously ruled a boarding house was involved and the landlord had done nothing to indicate that the situation had changed.

Chris lived in the Heriot Row boarding house at the same time as Sam. He signed a fixed-term lease just months after the Tribunal found in 2017 that the property was a boarding house. "It was my first ever time flatting so I didn't know too much," he said. He wanted to leave before the end of his fixed-term contract too, but didn't really understand the law.

The system places a burden on tenants to know their legal situation. And the law on this point is not accessible. To understand whether a property is a boarding house, a tenant would need to look at the Residential Tenancies Act, which would tell them that they could terminate a boarding house tenancy on 48 hours' notice, but it wouldn't give them a definition of a boarding house tenancy. The definitions given in the Act essentially amount to 'a boarding house is a boarding house'. Tenants would need to read individual cases decided by the High Court to find the five requirements for a property to be a boarding house.

After some confusing decisions, "we now have a clear picture of what is counted as a boarding house," said OUSA Student Support Manager Sage Burke. He said that it was "disappointing to hear that landlords are still claiming a property is not a boarding house even after the Tenancy Tribunal has made a ruling on the matter".

"It is important for tenants to be given correct information about the property," he said.

Matt Cutler, of Cutlers Property Management, believes the High Court's interpretation of the boarding house provision in the Residential Tenancy Act is incorrect. By deeming certain properties to be boarding houses, he



To: Critic Te Arohi

**“IF I SAID ‘FUCKING ASSHOLE’ [on the phone] THEN IT REALLY IS WARRANTED”.**

**“[Y]OU ARE ALSO DISGUSTING AND ARROGANT IN THINKING YOU KNOW IT ALL THEN USING YOUR DELUDED THOUGHTS AND BS TO TRY TELL ME OFF”.**

↶ Reply

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told Critic the Tenancy Tribunal is ignoring the parties' intentions. Essentially, he believes that if tenants have signed a fixed-term lease, it should be enforceable.

Cutler also notes that previous articles "haven't mentioned the other side of the equation where [in a boarding house situation] a landlord can give tenants 28 days notice to move out for no reason at all or 48 hours notice if they are behind in rent." Neither side is secure in a boarding house arrangement and Matt Cutler definitely knows that. Tenancy Tribunal orders show that Cutlers Property Management have used the law on boarding houses to conduct construction work on a George Street property without prior notice or consent of the tenants. So an order that a property is a boarding house will not always benefit the tenants.

But most of the time, not having to pay rent over summer will be worth it for student tenants. The situation in Dunedin is unique because a high proportion of tenants are students and they don't want to live in a property year-round. That's why landlords in Dunedin deny that their properties are boarding houses. They want students to pay rent over the summer, even if that means misleading them about the enforceability of their leases.

Brown continued to rent her property on fixed-term leases, leading her tenants to believe that they could not leave. The Tribunal allowed her to get away with it and enforced those leases, because the tenants didn't know any better. Tenants assume that their landlord won't mislead them into signing an unenforceable agreement. But the Tenancy Tribunal should not operate on the same

assumption as tenants who don't know what they're doing. If the Residential Tenancies Act says that landlords can't rent boarding houses on fixed-term leases, it shouldn't be left up to tenants to spend money, do legal research, and enforce that law.

Any students having trouble with their flat, or who suspect their flat may be a boarding house, are encouraged to seek help from OUSA Student Support on 03-479-5449, or email [help@ousa.org.nz](mailto:help@ousa.org.nz)

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# Spiked Drinks At Student Event Raises Alarms

By Sinead Gill | Chief Reporter

**In May of this year there was a student event hosted at a Central Dunedin venue. During this event, the water dispenser was allegedly spiked, and multiple attendees ended up in the Emergency Department.**

Jenny\* was one of the students whose drink was spiked. She said that she was lucky her friends were close by and looked after her when she was vomiting, but that it was "horrible". "I stopped being able to open my eyes and couldn't lift my limbs."

Her friends took her to the Emergency Department, but they told Critic that the nurses believed Jenny\* was a "stupid drunk girl" and did not do any tests on her. This meant that once she recovered, she had a "limited ability to report it to the police or confirm what happened".

An Official Information Act Request revealed that there is no specific 'code' for drink spiking,

and there have been zero police reports of drink spiking in North Dunedin over the last five years. A police spokesperson added that "[spiking] is sometimes associated with other offending such as assaults and if reported the circumstances would be included in the evidence or summary of facts relating to a particular incident".

Without evidence of spiking, such as medical records, it is hard to prove. Particularly as the police cited this type of offending as being under Section 202A of the Crimes Act 1961, which means that anyone convicted needs to be found in possession of a "disabling substance", without lawful authority or reasonable excuse, and do so in circumstances that seem to show intention to commit an offence. Naturally, it can be incredibly difficult to figure out who in a crowd put a substance in a drink.

Jenny said that no one should drink anything that has been left unattended, even if it's just free water. Campus Watch, who are

also "aware of some recent concerns about drinks-spiking," added not to accept drinks that you have not personally seen poured.

Months later, Jenny still can't explain why she didn't lodge a proper report at the time. She said it is partly because she had no evidence, had been busy, didn't think it would result in finding who had done it, and also did not think that what happened to her was "that bad".

"I wasn't assaulted," she said. But added "ED should have taken my bloods and actually listened to/believed my friends that it was something beyond alcohol (I'd had two drinks). That there was foul play involved."

Jenny complained to the Southern District Health Board and got an apology. She said that tests should definitely be done more frequently, "because otherwise you can't alert the authorities that this is going on which could lead to them stepping up to stop it".



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# DCC Candidates Commit to Student Pledges

Just let us get drunk at BYOs and tell us whether you think climate change is real

By Erin Gourley | Staff Writer

**OUSA have released the seven local body election pledges they will ask candidates to sign. "Take that, Lee Vander-vis," said Bonnie Harrison, OUSA's Finance Officer, as they announced the pledges.**

The OUSA pledges for DCC candidates are, in summary:

- To reinstate a one bottle per person policy at BYO premises
- To make bus fares free for students
- To adopt a Climate Change Mitigation and Adaptation Plan by 2021
- To account for impacts and effects of climate change at every level of decision making
- To establish a landlord licensing scheme
- To establish a rental warrant of fitness scheme

Candidates can pick and choose which, if any, pledges they support. The bus fares pledge

applies to ORC candidates, as does the pledge to account for impacts and effects of climate change. For DHB candidates, the pledge is to recommit to the goal of 80% of referrals from Emergency Psychiatric Services being seen within three weeks.

Critic asked DCC candidates which pledges they would be willing to support. Scout Barbour-Evans and Finn Campbell were the only candidates to indicate that they would be willing to sign all of the pledges. Scout said "with the caveat that it takes like two terms to make any change on council".

**One bottle per person policy at BYOs** (Note that a lot of candidates are confused about this pledge. They are not sure what they could do to change this, as it is a voluntary arrangement enforced by restaurants.)

Scout Barbour-Evans  
Malcolm Moncrief-Spittle

Callum Steele-MacIntosh  
Finn Campbell  
Andrew Whiley  
Sarah Davie-Nitis

## Make bus fares free for students

Scout Barbour-Evans  
David Benson-Pope (would extend this to everyone)  
Callum Steele-MacIntosh  
Marie Laufiso (everyone)  
Aaron Hawkins (everyone)  
Jim O'Malley  
Steve Walker  
Finn Campbell  
Andrew Whiley

## Climate Change Mitigation and Adaptation Plan by 2021

Scout Barbour-Evans  
Dave Hanan  
David Benson-Pope  
Jules Radich  
Callum Steele-MacIntosh  
Marie Laufiso  
Aaron Hawkins  
Jim O'Malley  
Rachel Elder (no promise)  
Steve Walker  
Finn Campbell  
Sarah Davie-Nitis

## Account for impacts and effects of climate change

Scout Barbour-Evans

David Benson-Pope  
Callum Steele-MacIntosh  
Marie Laufiso  
Aaron Hawkins  
Jim O'Malley  
Rachel Elder (no promise)  
Steve Walker  
Finn Campbell  
Sarah Davie-Nitis

## Landlord licensing scheme

Scout Barbour-Evans  
Dave Hanan  
David Benson-Pope  
Callum Steele-MacIntosh  
Jim O'Malley  
Rachel Elder (no promise)  
Steve Walker  
Finn Campbell  
Andrew Whiley

## Rental warrant of fitness scheme

Scout Barbour-Evans  
Dave Hanan  
David Benson-Pope  
Marie Laufiso  
Aaron Hawkins  
Rachel Elder (no promise)  
Steve Walker  
Finn Campbell

# Students Choose Politics Over Equity

By Sinead Gill | Chief News Reporter

The week before mid-semester break, OUSA had a Student General Meeting (SGM). Critic, along with the 100-and-a-bit other students, went for the free pizza, dumplings, and hot goss.

Although the motion to tie SGM attendance to club grants was the real reason why so many people turned up, in the meantime there was a solid shit-fight between Welfare Officer Kerrin R-S and other exec members over whether or not they should establish an Equity Representative.

Kerrin and other pro-Equity speakers (including the Tumuaki of Te Roopu Māori, with the support of the President of the Pacific Island Students Association) argued that an Equity Rep would ensure issues of diversity will have a dedicated go-to person; they would essentially be a Deputy Welfare Officer.

Opponents of this motion included two other executive officers. Administrative Vice-President Georgia Mischevski-Gray challenged the "need" for a Deputy Welfare Officer. Education Officer William Dreyer, who has been scolded multiple times by his fellow execs for over-working, said that the Welfare Officer position is not the only position that could use assistance. Additionally, no one on the Executive could answer questions from students about where the \$8,500 it would cost for a new 10-hour a week Exec member would come from.

Kerrin took to the stage a second time with citations to drill how necessary an Equity position was for the Executive. She said "OUSA doesn't even have wheelchair access yet" despite having an Executive officer in 2018 who was in a wheelchair. James later corrected her saying that there was, in fact, wheelchair access.

65.7% of attendees voted in favour of establishing an Equity Representative. As this motion needed 66% to pass, the motion failed. Someone called for a recount, which resulted in 61% for, which again failed.

Afterwards, students voted on whether to have a Political Representative position. Almost everyone voted to keep it. Because the exec gamed the system, the vote needed 66% NOT to establish the position. The position was established.

In a later meeting, the Executive passed a motion to thank Will for his work facilitating the SGM Engagement Committee. Kerrin then commented that the posters were "only advertised to white people" and should have had more information about the Equity position. The poster session was open to the whole executive.

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# Clubs Vote Against Having to Attend Boring OUSA Meetings at a Boring OUSA Meeting

By Charlie O'Mannin | Editor

In what has been described as both a resounding victory and a crushing defeat for boring OUSA meetings, 88% of people at a boring OUSA meeting voted against forcing representatives from OUSA Clubs and Societies to attend boring OUSA meetings.

The rejected proposal was to have OUSA grants funding tied to a representative attending boring OUSA meetings, with clubs that didn't turn up not being able to get grants funding.

The boring meeting, otherwise known as a Student General Meeting (SGM), actually managed to attract around 100 people without the OUSA Exec needing to go beg people from the food court to come and attend with the promise of free food. Paradoxically pretty much the only reason for

this was that all the clubs turned up so they can vote not to have to turn up.

Will Dreyer, OUSA Education Officer, spoke briefly about how the proposal would "increase diversity" of people who attend SGMs (so, more people other than OUSA nerds and cool aloof Critic reporters wearing leather jackets and smoking cigarettes with a little bit of weed in them).

Sudha Kandarpa from the Indian Student Association spoke in favour of the proposal, saying that it's important for the clubs to be engaged with OUSA. "I know it's a bit forceful but if it's not we won't come," she said.

John McWatters, the Secretary of the Computer Science Society, disagreed, saying, "I don't think forced participation is a good way of doing things. Engagement with stu-

dents should be encouraged but this is not the way to do that."

Connor Seddon, President of the Debating Society, pointed out that "When clubs have an interest in an SGM they turn up," pointing to the actual physical people sitting in front of him.

OUSA were testing a fancy new voting system based on clickers. At one point this intrepid Critic reporter went and stood behind them as an independent auditor to make sure they weren't rigging the vote. There was an impressive amount of numbers on screen, so we assume everything was legit.

Voting opened and 88% voted against. A large procession of people immediately stood up and left the room, even though the meeting wasn't over yet



## Library Opening Hours Extended

You can now cry in Central Library until midnight rather than eleven

By Esme Hall | News Editor

The University Central Library will trial being open from 6am to 12pm seven days a week in the lead up to exams.

The change in hours, which were previously 7am to 11pm, comes after OUSA President James Heath and Education Officer Will

Dreyer negotiated with the Library Executive.

"The Library will gather data on use throughout the period and meet again with the OUSA President and Education Officer to review the outcome of the trial. The funding required to trial the additional hours will be met from within the Library's current budget," said a University spokeswoman.

OUSA Education Officer Will Dreyer said he thinks OUSA worked out "a good balance point with the Library".

"It's great that students now have a bit more flexibility with their study times; we all know how annoying it is to get into the groove and then hear the closing sirens start to wail. At the same time student welfare is really important; we don't want to see students spending all night in the Library. Overall, James and I are really happy with this result - and encourage students to use these extra hours to their benefit," said Will.

# Scarfie Street Food Challenge.

Grab your mates and get down to the main entrance of the Mellor labs to try The Edge My Flat Rules finalists' street food, and vote for your favourite.

Tuesday 3 September  
12:30 – 1:30pm

brought to you by

To find out more:  
[otago.ac.nz/health-yourself](http://otago.ac.nz/health-yourself)





## EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH: Ella Roding

She gets paid in “pats, love and the occasional toy”.

By Sinead Gill | Chief News Reporter

Everybody stop what you're fucking doing. There is a doggo at OUSA student support (5 Ethel Benjamin Place) every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, and she has an employment contract.

Ella Roding, a rescue dog from a Community Led Animal Welfare organisation in South Africa (CLAW), had an unfortunate beginning. When CLAW rescued her she'd had hot oil poured over her, and to this day still has the scars beneath her beautiful golden coat. Her adoptive mother, Ingrid Roding, has given her a full, happy life ever since.

Her casual individual employment agreement stipulates a payment of “pats, love and the occasional toy” and will be provided “tea and coffee free of charge”. In the “unexpected” case that she has pup-

pies (she is fixed), she is guaranteed the full rights of parental leave like any human employee #equality.

Ella's contract can be terminated without notice for serious misconduct, including “pooping on the floor in front of the CEO” and “barking at the University Chancellor” - though no word on what happens if she poops in front of the Chancellor.

Although the jury is still out on the legalities of said contract (which was signed with a paw), when Critic sat down with Ella at her place of work, she said overall she was “chuffed” with the agreement.

“There aren't many jobs for talking dogs,” she said. “Especially in the care industry. It puts people off. So I don't speak to people who need support unless they are really, really special.”

When asked about how she felt about the stipulation in her Code of Conduct that she

is not to use emails or internet to “peruse other dogs” she said, “we all have to draw the line somewhere. But it won't be an issue for me. I'm an incredibly good girl.”

Before Ella, there was Nina the support doggo, who sadly left the organisation when her owner and former student advocate left OUSA. In a statement to Critic, Nina wished the best for Ella, and said, “just as no problem is too big or too small for the helpful advocates at Student Support, no problem is too big or too small for a support doggo. Greet everyone with warmth and enthusiasm whether they walk in crying or laughing, but remember, not everyone likes being licked on the face. Take pride in your appearance. A smart sweater or a colourful cravat goes a long way in cheering people up.”

Ella chuckled softly at these comments and passed on her thanks. “It's great to know I'll be carrying on a good legacy.”

# DUNEDIN NEWS

I got an email the other day from the Ird to say there was a letter waiting on my Ird website. So I logged in and they said that we were overpaid and owe \$1500! We have always kept them up to date with our income changes. So why do we owe them for? Advice please, thanks.

**Not news**  
But what happened to the other staff at night n day north end. Ended up waiting like 20 mins or more for 2 milk shake and got a couple of things from the so called hot food cabinet was pretty much cold and dont know how long they had been in there as was solid as anything couldn't eat it. There were like 5 people(customers) in the shop. Bring back the other staff who were friendly and make use of the time they had by serving other customers so you didn't have customers walking out and making sure who was first in got served and first.

Don't worry nothing like this could ever happen in corruption free NZ.

Not news but I'd like to do a big shout out to Greg Inch for the special rigs for special kids probably the best thing that happens in Dunedin that's free and all other company's Fulton Hogan, south roads, Dunedin carrying, halls, McEwen ,Johnson ,quality bakers,city care,sommerlands ,fire service and all other contractors-businesses that people don't realise they spend hours to get these trucks ready for 1 hour of giving people with special needs a great day out and seeing them all smile and most of these trucks will be stogging it out again in forestry roads caring off road and definitely not looking the way they were today so I'd like to give you all a big thumbs up for your time and effort

Unfortunately haven't heard anything about repealing this recently, not even from the Greens

close to Dunedin, and funny as

Don't use the Kalkoral Stream below the Commercial Tavern, wastewater entering the creek there, councils been informed

On my way to work at 06:30 this morning (Saturday), I passed thru 9 sets of lights, 2 were green, 4 were red with cars going thru the other lights, the other 3 turned red just before arriving and had me sitting there with no other cars in sight. Is it my poor timing or, as it happens at 11pm as well, is it the programming?

Has anyone else been to Burger King Anderson's bay and found this on their burger? Unfortunately I made the mistake of taking it back to the shop where the evidence has been disposed of. Apparently this fuzzy blue/grey substance is harmless and happens during the manufacturing process of the buns. I'm not convinced. Looks like mold spores to me. My advice is if anyone finds this you should contact Burger King and keep your own sample so they can't pretend nothing happened. Contact ministry of primary industries. Don't make the same mistake I did.

Just moved to Dunedin and I've had complaints from my neighbours after they have seen me naked several times through my windows. I am a nudist and it's too cold to be naked outside in my back section where I would like to be. It has a large hedge and is very private so I'll get out there in summer. I spend most of my time naked and I even work from home so I can spend more time naked. I've been living like this for years and don't want to change just as I'm in a new neighbourhood/house.

You may ask me why I haven't pulled my curtains. Simply my landlord is too cheap to install any and it's made my power bill insane as I'm constantly naked so I NEED to run the heaters a lot.

What do I do? My neighbours are mad and I'm mad at my landlord. I should be able to be naked in my own home if I want to, others can't force me to change my way off life. When I've asked him to install curtains and explained why he just laughed and told me to put clothes on. Are there any kind of rights around this? What can I do.

# ODT WATCH

This week the ODT had a series of ethical dilemmas. First, the age old question:

## To chit or not to chit?

And then an enigma for the modern age,

## 'Potatoes v property'

Always go potatoes. Property is nothing but trouble.

The ODT have a brave new marketing strategy...

## Speaking for the infant class

The ODT are notorious for being on the bleeding edge of culture, and this week is no exception; they appear to have discovered a brave new "performance art" form.

**The scene in the city was growing for cosplay, a performance art where practitioners dress as characters from the likes of anime, video games and movies.**

And finally this is the most ominous sentence we've ever read.

**TRAINS and penguins do not go too well together — except in Oamaru.**



# The Critical Tribune



## Lecturer Can't Be Fucked Disguising Real Personality Any Longer Once You Hit 4th Year

Yesterday, local Chemistry lecturer, Dr Steven Marks, let out a long sigh of exasperation as a 400-level student struggled to recall the value of RT. Initially panicking, he relaxed when he realised it was only a post-grad class of eight students and he could give up the nice "eager to teach" act whereby he would kindly tell undergrads that there are "no stupid questions". He then truthfully said

that although there may be no stupid questions, there are definitely stupid people. I.e, most of them. Dr Marks was last spotted sucking furiously on a Winnie Blue in the dart garden at Good Earth, rolling his eyes at the tests he was marking. It has been foretold that he is going to exceed two standard drinks at the next lab dinner, because he doesn't mind if the 4th years see him being a real person.



## Finally, a Safe Space for the Straights

The Dunedin heterosexual community rejoices as last week the "e" on the Alley Cantina sign fell off, rendering the establishment an exclusive venue where the Straights in SLGBT+ can live their truth. "It's great having a place just for us," said one staunchly male patron. "Dunedin already has so

many opportunities for the queer community. They have a whole bar and everything. At Ally Cantina, I can at last drink Speight's and neg women without fear."

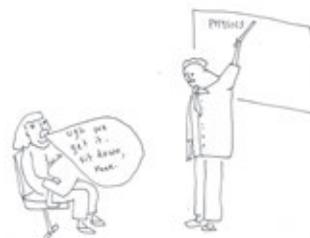
## Lad Wearing Shorts in Winter: a Harrowing Statement about Climate Change



William Maverick of Leith Street isn't just wearing booty shorts in winter to show off those toned, sinewy, powerful, sexy rugby-player calves. He doesn't need to prove himself as a man by eschewing trousers, nor is he swayed by the

ridicule and emasculation of his flatties (ha ha shorts, wanker). Willie proudly struts his stuff for a good cause. "The planet is heating up, brah. I'm trying to raise awareness," Willie said while flexing his beautiful toned legs, muscles rippling under his skin. "It's a climate emergency. When temperatures rise, you'll all be wearing shorts." Willie was later admitted to Dunedin Public Hospital with advanced hypothermia and remains unavailable for comment.

## Some Old Guy in Lecture Theatre Won't Stop Mansplaining



Look at him, standing at the front of the class, mansplaining about physics from a PowerPoint slide. What a twat. Calls himself a "professor" or "doctor" or "lecturer" or something, like I'd give gosh darn hookin-dooky. He's going on about something called gravitation now. How about my fist gravitating into your face Imao? Idiot. Seriously, who invited this guy?



# DENYING THEM DATA: Is it Possible to Function With No Footprint?

— By Wyatt Ryder —

In 2015, the Chinese Government allowed eight companies to establish a social credit system that would automatically rank citizens according to their data (presumably after binge watching *Black Mirror*). The blueprints for these plans claim that the goal is to “allow the trustworthy to roam everywhere under heaven while making it hard for the discredited to take a single step”. In our increasingly connected and globalised world I, for one, am terrified.

Which is why I embarked on a mission to pull a giant middle finger to the corporate techno-lizards watching my every move and erase my digital footprint for a week.

Living off the grid is really hard when you live directly inside the grid. City life means being connected to everything. Every electronic interaction creates another piece of data showing who you are. We live in a surveillance state, and I wanted every piece of automatic profiling software to think I was dead.

My goal was to become invisible: no Facebook, no EFTPOS, no loyalty cards, no ordering pizza online, and no cellphone. But the real mission was avoiding surveillance cameras as well, which happen to be almost everywhere.

I started my experiment on a Thursday, a day I like to regularly buy a rice ball on the way to campus. However, the ATM I was planning

to visit to get my cash out for the week is a few blocks past my favourite rice ball joint. I didn't have time to get cash out and then double back, so I had to either skip breakfast or tell my bank where I eat. I chose to eat. Just three and a half hours in and I had already started to hemorrhage data.

For the first day, I tried having my phone off unless absolutely necessary. This was the easiest way to stop my cell provider and any of my apps from taking my data. Within a day, my life started to fall apart.

Across six hours, I missed important messages from my work chat, my flat chat, and from the organiser of an event I was helping with. As much as I would like to be a stoic lumberjack living alone in the woods, turns out I am not. When you work with deadlines and other people, you need to be contactable. My phone had to stay on.

I was hoping to trick the robots into thinking I ceased to exist for a week, but by lunchtime I had already left all kinds of digital residue at the scene of my life. By the second day, I realised that the functionality of my life was depleting fast. I was losing control of what were meant to be my controllable factors. My plan to become invisible had failed. So, I decided to feed them incorrect data instead.

I enabled developer options on my phone

and installed an app that can make all my GPS tracking apps believe I was somewhere else (this is also handy for Tinder if you're about to go somewhere on holiday). I chose Tajikistan. My IP address and GPS could no longer be tracked. As long as I kept my phone usage to a minimum and mentioned nothing of value, I could safely message people without revealing anything more than the raw basics; such as when I was online and what device I was using.

Later that day I was sitting in class when I realised that my laptop had a microphone, and some offshore robot was probably listening to everything around me to feed me perfect personalised advertisements. I taped a small piece of fluff over the microphone hole in an attempt to muffle it. I don't think it worked, and people started looking at me funny.

In 2018, New World was revealed to have an automatic facial recognition system after a Dunedin man was mistakenly identified as a shoplifter by their systems. What this meant for me was no more popping into the supermarket. This was going fine, as food could be bought from local stores, and my flatmates were able to get me anything I had forgotten. But then I discovered my smoke alarm battery was dead. I could have simply waited a few days and got a replacement battery. But what if, by some terrible twist of fate, my room



erupted in flames and there was no alarm to alarm everyone? The thought made me incredibly anxious, so I headed to the supermarket.

Getting around was difficult, as cameras don't just pry on the interiors of our world. I had to avoid all outdoor cameras too. This is a tricky one in North Dunedin, as in 2017, \$1.27 million was spent installing cameras in several places around the student area. At the time I was against this decision and sent several (three) very strongly worded emails to university officials about it. If I had known that two years later they would be making my life

hell from a masochistic experiment, I would have written more.

In defence of Otago, their policy with these cameras is actually quite strict, with footage being kept no longer than 30 days. However, giving into The Man (Harlene Hayne) would defeat the point of my experiment. I needed to be invisible, and being "mostly invisible" is not the same as being invisible. Thankfully, our kind Otago overlords provide a map of where most of these cameras are, which I printed out and updated throughout the week. While I fortunately live in a sweet spot that allows me to easily avoid the majority of the cameras while going to and from campus, I did have to walk an extra block to get on campus without being seen. It got old very fast.

Most of my classes are in small niche buildings that I can safely enter. Practically made of

cameras, the Otago Business School is not one of these buildings. The easiest option would have been to just skip my class for a week, but that would defeat the purpose of my experiment. I needed to function, and functioning students (apparently) attend class. I donned my favourite fluffy hat that obscured a good portion of my head and looked away from the cameras until I reached my class. I looked a little strange powerwalking to class with my head turned to the left, but that's because I did become strange. I was crossing roads to avoid cameras and going around entire blocks. This is not normal behaviour.

As my week went on, my stupid experiment began to fall apart. On Sunday, I walked 15 minutes to my favourite fish and chip shop for lunch, only to find they were closed. I had to order a pizza instead, so now Pizza Hut



Photo Credit: Aiman Amerul Muner

# SURVEILLANCE IS ABSOLUTELY EVERYWHERE AND THERE IS NO ESCAPE.



has ten minutes of me sitting alone reading a Critic with my back turned towards the camera. Although they can barely get a pizza order correct, so maybe they also forgot to turn on their cameras.

I had been keeping a tally of every time a camera spotted me, and the total number came to 36. You can probably triple that to account for all the cameras I didn't see. At one point I found myself caught by yet another camera, and instead of trying to hide my face I just looked directly at it and sighed. I was exhausted. I tried so hard, but they still got me. I was defeated.

Walking across the road to avoid cameras

is not fun. Loading up two separate security apps every time you want to use your phone is not fun. Going obscure routes through town to avoid cameras is not fun. I was trying to balance being a ghost with being a person, but it just doesn't seem to be possible. I wasn't invisible at all. They still got everything they wanted from me. In reality, I was just a paranoid guy trying to hide his face with a big hat.

Surveillance is absolutely everywhere and there is no escape. You can no longer exist and then be forgotten. Rich people all over the world will keep your data forever. Why wouldn't they? The people who create the laws are the ones who can watch you at all times,

and the people who want to sell you things can target you based on what you've been saying and what you've been interacting with. It's depressing but it looks like it's inevitable. This is how we live now. You can't opt out. We're all being watched forever.

# Get Fucked:

## The Great Critic Contraceptive review

By a bunch of drunk and hormonally messed-up women.

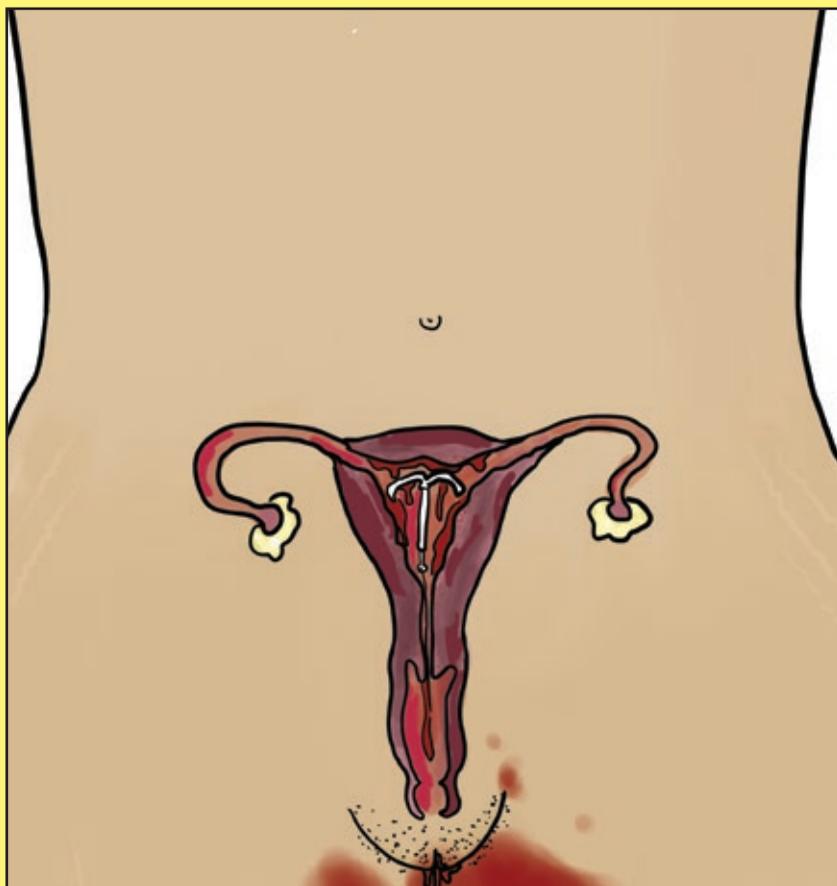
As we all know, uni is a great time for experimenting with your junk, and the junk of other people. The best way to get your start in a career before ruining your life with kids is to use contraception religiously, so here are our thoughts on some of the more popular contraceptives out there.



### Condoms, aka Jame Sheaths

Condoms are all good, but they're also fucking spenno. I mean, you can go to the Sexual Health Clinic/Family Planning/Student Health to get some free ones, but who has the time for that? There's nothing worse than realising that you're out of condoms when you're on the one way express to Poundtown. If you hate saving the environment and won't reuse your own condoms because you're a piece of shit, you can easily make your own condoms at home. Here're some suggestions for you: Glad sandwich zip-lock bags with a slathering of canola oil, some silly putty, a copy of Salient taped up really tight, a cheese roll, a pig's bladder you have lying around, an empty Goon, a sock, a samosa from \$3 lunch, or just the Catholic guilt from having pre-marital sex. I personally prefer the cheese roll.

“  
*A modern twist on the shady Catholic classic, this old chestnut has kept me proudly fetus-free for years.*  
”



## The Withdrawal Method

The pill, the injection, the rod and the copper IUD all make me bleed like a stuck pig and turn me into a fucking banshee, and I can't afford to try the \$500 Mirena thingy (which probably wouldn't work either), obviously, because I'm a broke student. After repeated requests, I have not been granted tubal ligation, because apparently women can't make decisions about their own fucking bodies. And condoms irritate the fuck out of my skin, as well as being a major pain in the ass (condoms are for special occasions when your man wants to come inside you but not, y'know, INSIDE you). So what's a girl to do?

Enter the Withdrawal Method, also known as "coitus interruptus". A modern twist on the shady Catholic classic, this old chestnut has kept me proudly fetus-free for years. Basically you do the sex and then the guy pulls out just before shooting.

Pros: Hormone-free, can be used with other

medications, you can eat grapefruit, very cheap.

Cons: SUPER unreliable, doesn't treat against HIV/AIDS or STIs, and requires a great deal of self-control and trust.

Critic does not endorse this method as actual contraception, but the medical profession in NZ clearly fucking hates women, so this is legit the only available option for some people.

## The Mirena

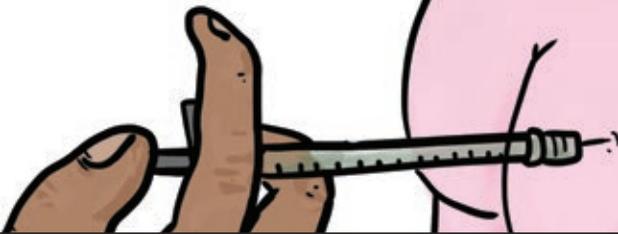
The Mirena is this little implant that they shove up your uterus that stops the eggs coming out. Getting the Mirena put in was one of the worst things I've ever experienced. It's like shoving an anchor through a fucking needle's pinhole. But, the idea of not having to remember when to take a pill everyday and it lasting five years is a bloody luxury. It acts as a great contraceptive since you kinda just forget that it's actually there, but the downside is the added hormones make you feel like you're playing period rou-

lette. You compromise the fact you don't need to worry about taking regular contraceptives with your period coming whenever it fucking wants, for as long as it fucking wants. Seriously. I've had my period for three months now. I have no more blood left to fucking bleed. My bit of advice if you're having sex on the Mirena is to warn your partner that he might have to pull a Moses and part your Red Sea.

## Noriday(R)

Where my thicc girls at? This is the only pill option I can go on because I'm too voluptuous (not that my man complains, yeya). The downside is that I don't get to magically skip my peri (periods) on these pills, and that the window for taking them is only three hours, which definitely does not suit my poor time management skills. Also fuck you, don't tell me to set a reminder on my phone. I know that's the easy solution. Maybe I like to challenge myself.

*the thought  
of a foreign  
object inside  
me terrifies me  
(except for dick)*



## Anal

God's loophole. I used this contraceptive method for the two weeks it took for my pill to kick in. With enough lube and some plugs to work ya way up it's not all bad, ladies, though it is a lot more admin than the regular method. God bless bottoms.

Fun fact: In the Greek Orthodox religion, you can't have vaginal sex before marriage - but nobody says anything about the booty hole. So blown-out sphincters are common by the time they walk the aisle.

## Ginet 84

This pill made me depressed af and my blood pressure skyrocketed. On the upside, my skin was beautiful but I had mild headaches like twice a week and so I had to go off it due to risk of stroke.

## DepoVera - the shot

I got put on this because I couldn't go on any oestrogen pills anymore due to the risk of stroke, and progesterone pills gave me terrible acne. Because the thought of a foreign object inside me terrifies me (except for dick), I didn't want to get the rod or Mirena inserted. You

get an injection in your ass/upper thigh and hip area every 12 weeks and you're away. The upside is that it's free at Family Planning, and the majority of users' periods pretty much disappear. It also has a really high effectiveness rate. The downside is that there's a chance you bleed like, all the time and have to go on a pill to counter this; but this is rare, especially in longer-term use. I like Depo because I weirdly like injections and I know that sounds terrible and I don't mean I do heroin but I like the personal attention and the suspense and it's a weirdly satisfying pain.

## A Terrible Personality

People can tell I'm an idiot from a mile away. But even I can get laid from one of the final roamers at 3am in Catacombs looking desperately for a human vagina. As we meander back to their shitty flat, they usually realise, through a drunken haze that they've made a terrible mistake, but it is far too late to turn back now. Hook, line and sinker. Once in bed, halfway through some mediocre, sloppy sex, the true weight of their decision has set in. In a terrified panic brought on by the thought of having a child with the mothball equivalent of a

person, their dick shrivels until virtually undetectable. With this, I leave them retching on the floor and return to my room decorated only by an Otago 150th Anniversary calendar and a single stock image of a businessman wearing a Bluetooth headset.

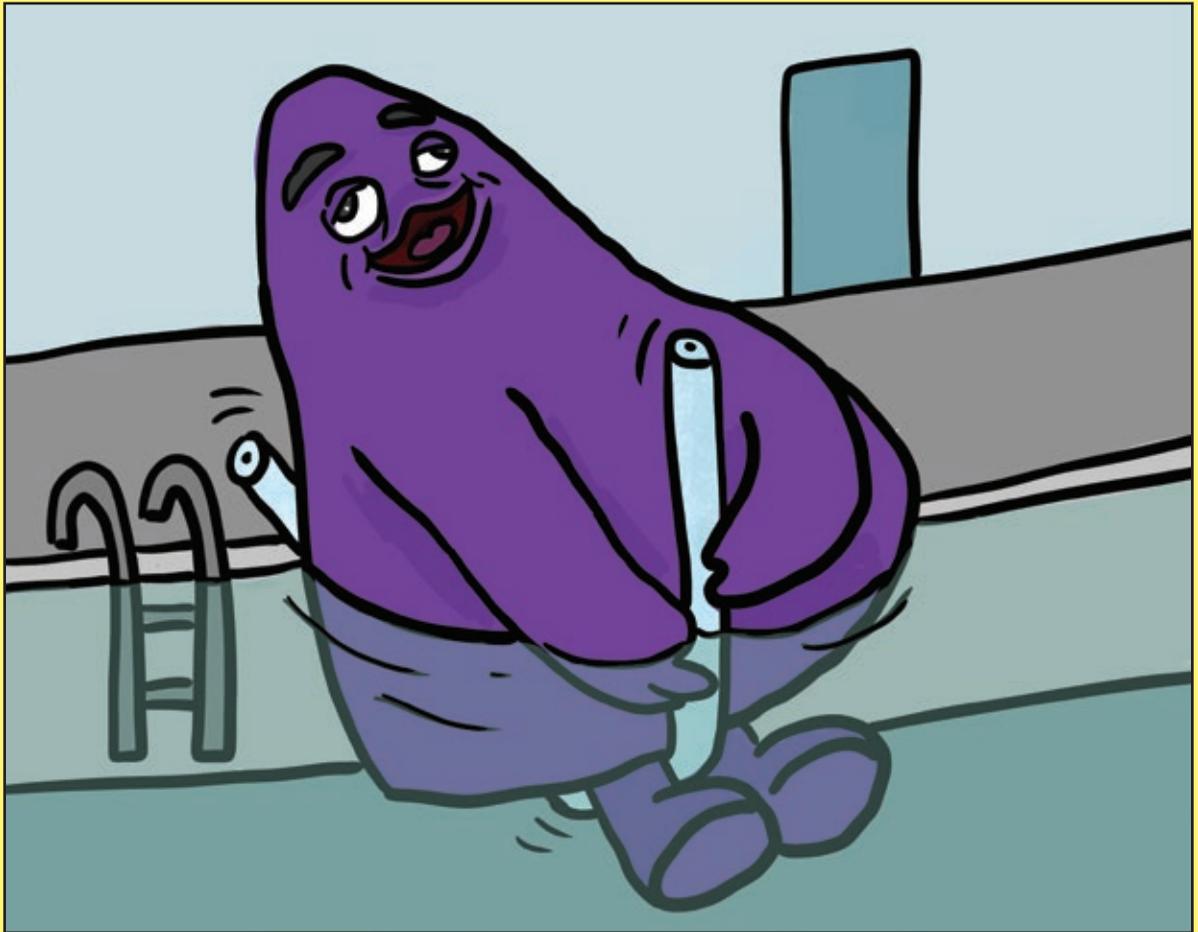
## The ECP, aka Morning After Pill

What the actual fuck. I went to the Urgent Doctor to get this once. I told the pharmacist what I was there to procure, then waited ... And waited ... And waited. Finally, the pharmacist (who, by the way, KNEW what I was after and had had AMPLE TIME to realise that I am morbidly obese) took me into the side room where the smack addicts get their mephedrone fix, only to tell me that I was too obese to get the morning after pill. Look, I know that I'm a fat fuck and that I'm obviously the worst person in the world for being fat, but WHY DID YOU MAKE ME WAIT 39 (I counted) MINUTES TO TELL ME THAT I AM TOO FAT FOR THIS PILL.

I could have fucking carried the baby full term and delivered it in that time.

I left with a casual "that's okay, I'll just have to get an abortion if it comes to that".

They didn't even let me hang out and have mephedrone, the cunts.



## Abortion

I guess this technically doesn't count as contraception (defined as "the deliberate use of artificial methods or other techniques to prevent pregnancy as a consequence of sexual intercourse") but it's still a dummy thicc way to not end up with a kid. I had one of these, it was a short "day procedure" on a Friday and as long as you walk in via Cumberland St to avoid the ignorant rambling protesters, then you can make a pretty nice day of it. Start with a bougie breakfast at Morning Magpie before making your way down, taking the time to appreciate the wonderful life of freedom that you are affording yourself by not continuing this annoying pregnancy. Once you've nipped it in the bud, stay woozy on the meds and head on down to the Botans with some weed for duck feeding

time. Smile smugly at the people with screaming children through your medicated haze and noise cancelling headphones. Cha-hoooo.

## Dental Dam

I had no idea what a dental dam looked like before I got given one in O-Week. It's essentially clingfilm for your pussy which is good if you have orally-transmitted STIs or are too cowardly to stick your face into raw minge, but also kind of insulting, like shouting "your pussy is rank".

When I picked out "wildberry" flavour, I foresaw blissful visions of childhood lolly scrambles and purple Fruit Bursts, but instead the flavour more closely resembled a balloon, and the colour was like diving into Grimace's sweet latex clunge. When

my partner and I swapped positions, she inhaled too hard and it went up her nose and throat and she nearly died. It didn't feel like anything, except maybe gently humping a wet pool noodle in the summers of one's blossoming sexuality.

Dental dams are effective because they suck and you'll probably just give up altogether. Maybe it's good if you want your booty ate but are scared of pink eye, idk.





# MASTER OF MEMES

## *The Absurd Rabbit Hole called The Department of Economics Facebook Page: A Critic Investigation*

If you want to waste away hours of your life on prime time entertainment, look no further than the Otago University's Department of Economics (DE) Facebook meme-page. There are memes. There are awkward, blurry and sideways photos of people at functions. There are Minions. It goes where other University Departments fail to – almost as if somebody handed the reins of the page over to Linda from reception and said, "this is your baby, Linda. Engage with the people." And engage she did.

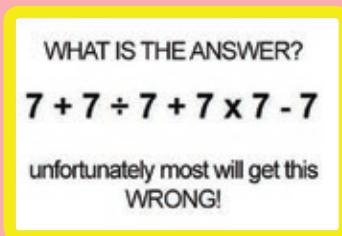
By *Chelle Fitzgerald*

1. 28 March, 2014



Linda has a real thing for crystals, faeries, and ornaments of dragons wrapped around glass spheres (she's also partial to tarot readings and numerology). Linda still hasn't quite gotten the hang of juggling two Facebook accounts, and a personal meme intended for her friends accidentally meandered onto the DE page. Luckily, she was able to fix the snafu with a quick "It must be Friday ... or is it a fantasy?" There's a reason you were hired, Linda – the ability to think quickly on your feet.

2. 27 June, 2014



Everyone Linda knows (over the age of 45) has had a crack at answering this one. 43, 56, 50, 21, 98. It was the true conspiracy theory of the week. She figured she would pose it to the DE page, to see if the bright young students could shed some light on the subject.

3. 23 January AND 16 February, 2015



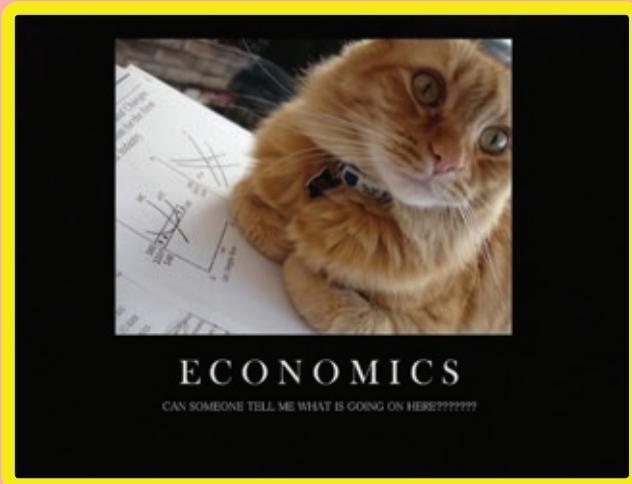
Linda REALLY liked the look of this cat, and knew that everyone else would appreciate it too. That's why she posted it twice in one month (firstly to congratulate Summer School students on the halfway mark, then to empathise with students confused about their paper enrolments). Pretty weak, Linda - but it is a good cat nonetheless. Department of Economics chalks up another deserved win.

4. 17 March, 2017



Linda had been off on fixed leave for a year to help her daughter with Grandchild #2, but she was back with brand new ideas for engaging with the wider community. Hearing some rumbles around the campfire about the validity of "Tourism", Linda took matters into her own hands with another cat. Behold.

5. 2 October, 2017



Linda thought the best way to encourage the kids to “hang in there” for exams was most definitely a confused cat that doesn’t understand Economics in the slightest (me too, Linda). Linda could relate with the sentiment, as she had also been “hanging in there” with her diet, having recently started Isagenix shakes to shift the pesky 7 kilograms she received courtesy of cask medium white wines during her sabbatical. Just between you and me, this meme was really more for herself.

6. 24 November, 2017



Just a casual dinner, no biggie. You’ve earned it, Linda (she’s not on the shakes anymore).

8. 7 September, 2018



A departmental memo made the rounds this week, with one clear message. Enrolment numbers for Masters were on the decline. Linda nervously chewed her nails, knowing that if this continued, she could find herself on the budget chopping block. Worse still, students might start feeling disenchanted with the Economics Department. There was only one thing to do. Linda would use every tool in her arsenal to fight the impending Masters drought.

7. 18 May, 2018.



A new dawn approacheth. Linda decided that the Department awards night would be a great chance to try out her new digital point’n’click. She eagerly uploaded the photos in bulk to the DE page the very next day, with all of them carefully the right way up (after the unrotated photos scandal of the “BBQ 2011” album, you just couldn’t be too cautious). For some reason, Facebook’s auto-tag feature wasn’t working on a lot of Linda’s photos, though?

**“THIS IS YOUR BABY, LINDA. ENGAGE WITH THE PEOPLE.”**

9. 12 September, 2018



Linda was emailed encouraging 'thank you's' by some colleagues after her bid to save the department, but then the HoD stopped by her desk to let her know that things weren't too bad after all. Linda felt a bit silly, and decided to play down the whole debacle by reverse meme-ing herself. Satisfying.

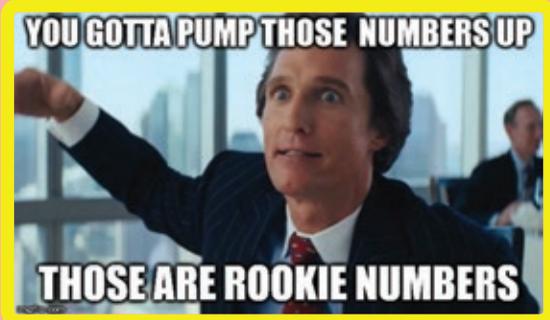
10. 10 October, 2018



Linda you could have just left the original quote as is ("No, it's the children who are wrong"). For the first time, I began to feel disappointed in Linda because you never fuck with the Simpsons if you can't handle the power.

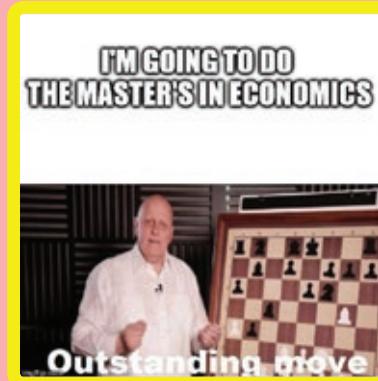
**DOES A BEAR SHIT IN THE WOODS?**

11. 17 January, 2019



Linda has gone with a popular several-year-old meme here and I'm not entirely sure if she realises that this is in reference to masturbation. "How many papers have you selected so far for 2019? One or two?" is the accompanying accusation. Does Linda realise that three papers actually maketh a fulltime semester? Never mind. It's a great scene that should always be honoured. It's a fugazi.

12. 20 January, 2019



Crisis has once again hit the Department, and this time it's not just a drill. Enrolment numbers are staggeringly diminished, and this time Linda KNEW that she had to fight fire with fire. It was time for a quick succession of aggressive Masters recruitment memes. Here's a goodie that I get theoretically, but just don't find all that funny. Do better please, Linda.

13. 24 January, 2019



Upon realising that the Masters memes of the past two weeks have been borderline cyberbullying, Linda just wanted to remind everyone that she truly loves them, and also that she conducts most of her transactions in US currency.

14. 16 February, 2019



Now that Grandchild #2 is 2 years old, Linda has been getting real up close and personal with the Minions, and just can't get over how adorable they are. Obviously, the Economics kids will think the same too, and so there was no question about how to welcome them all back into the fray. Good shit Linda, you've done it again.

15. 28 February, 2019



"Look sharp, Linda!" the HoD eagerly strode through reception. "There's a big event on the horizon, can you please alert the community?"

Does a bear shit in the woods?

Linda immediately fired into action with a nondescript Minion meme that truly slaps. "The 2019 Business & Law Expo takes place next Tuesday @ The Link." Satisfied, she sat back and cracked her knuckles before taking a leisurely sip of her mimosa.

16. 4 June, 2019



Accompanied only by a cryptic "What would Keynes say?" this is just confusing, disappointing and not erotic enough.

17. 7 June, 2019



There is still a draft for the war that is the dwindling Masters numbers. What better way for Linda to engage the kids than with their favourite all-girl band from before they were born?

18. 7 August, 2019



The most recent meme at time of print indicates Linda's sense of disenchantment with the system. She has realised that she actually doesn't have the power to make any real changes through Facebook, and has resorted to tired memes stolen from the dark recesses of 2009 academic meme pages. Come on, Linda. Consult the tarots and find your inner activist once more.

*When asked for comment, the Head of the Department of Economics, Paul Hansen, said, "there has been no conscious decision or intent to promote the Masters in Economics over other programmes, regardless of the type of post, rather an effort to raise awareness of all happenings in the Department of Economics."*

*At the end of the day, it's all about supply and demand, Paul.*

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PRESENTS  
STUDENTS TO WATCH



# James Fletcher

## Students to watch

“Even the most confident and socially accepted people have negative thoughts. It’s just part of life. I think that being aware that these things can come and go like the tide is important in maintaining a healthy mind.” James Fletcher is a 22-year-old Law and Commerce student. Originally from Wales, James moved to Wellington when he was eight years old. He began studying Law and Commerce at Otago – but is now finishing his Commerce Degree at the University of California Berkley. James started an Instagram account in July this year called TransparencyWellbeing, an account dedicated to people speaking up and discussing their mental health.

TransparencyWellbeing is an account that promotes a safe and open space for people to express their inner thoughts – as well as interact and connect with others to facilitate a sense of unity and solidarity. “Transparency is an initiative directed at getting individuals to

speaking up and share their inner thoughts and how societal and personal issues have an impact on this mindset,” said James. ‘Transparency’ comes from the idea that we should become more transparent with ourselves. “We are in a society where freedom of expression is held to be so fundamental, and I think it is important not to hold back your thoughts. Especially those sensitive thoughts that you believe only you should know. I hope that having a more transparent world will help combat mental illness such as anxiety and depression.” The Instagram account works so that individuals can submit their own posts about any facet of mental wellbeing. This can either be done publicly with the submitter’s account attributed to the post or can be submitted anonymously through a Google Form.

The inspiration behind this account comes partly from James’ personal experiences, but mainly from seeing his friends’ struggles and

“We are in a society where freedom of expression is held to be so fundamental, and I think it is important not to hold back your thoughts. Especially those sensitive thoughts that you believe only you should know. I hope that having a more transparent world will help combat mental illness such as anxiety and depression.”

— By Henessey Griffiths

wanting to create a space to help them. “I created Transparency for myself and others, but ultimately it is made effective by others through the expression of their experiences. I hope that more individuals feel comfortable contributing to the page and gain a benefit from doing so,” he said. “I felt as if too many people, including myself, were bottling up their thoughts and emotions and needed a place to download these. I also realised that there wasn’t really anywhere where people could interact with other people’s experiences through certain issues and negative mindsets. I didn’t particularly have any major worries of my own but I knew that a few of my friends did. I thought I would create a place where they could get 100% of what they were thinking off their mind, whether they wanted to keep it anonymous or not.”

While the main premise of the account is sharing individual thought, James’ main focus is facilitating a community. By sharing the stories of others, individuals who feel alienated can feel as if they are not alone, even if they do not interact with the posts directly. “I hope that more individuals feel comfortable contributing to the page

and benefit from doing so. As of now, TransparencyWellbeing has a small but tightknit following, but it is hoped that as more content is posted more people will connect with it. I hope that people can benefit from downloading their own thoughts or witnessing other people’s experiences. But most of all, I want to challenge the ‘hush hush’ stigma of containing sensitive thoughts and emotions.”

While James is finishing his degree over at Berkley, he is working to expand TransparencyWellbeing. He has some big plans, like expanding it to a website where people can contribute with audio postings, and making it a fully fledged user-based platform. “At the moment I am focussing my time on Transparency and its growth (as well as my studies). I am really interested in wellbeing, especially the psychology aspect of it. So in the future, I am keen to link up with like-minded individuals and hope to create something big in this field.”

You can follow TransparencyWellbeing on Instagram at @TransparencyWellbeing, and contribute to the page anonymously through the Google forum through the link in the bio.

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# Big Hits 2: Critic Goes to Half a League Football Game in Wellington

By Oscar Francis | Photo credit: Oscar Francis

I arrived at Wakefield Park at five minutes to halftime. It was forty minutes past eight on a Thursday evening and I was running late for no good reason.

Aside from me, there were two other spectators: Bryn and Tintin, both ex-Otago students. I mentioned I was writing an article for Critic to break the awkward silence and they demanded a plug for their FC (Foot Club). I told them I'd put it in. They said they were here to watch the game, but also because "some of the lads needed a lift".

At halftime the match was a tie, 2-all, between the Karori Rinston Weids and their arch rivals, The Red Barons. Not only was the game supposedly a "grudge-match", but also a catchup game. Most other sports experts will agree with me when I say that soccer games are usually held on a Saturday morning. This one wasn't for some unimportant reason which I couldn't give a flying fuck about.

I did care, however, about the sports game unfolding in front of me. Shortly after halftime it became clear that the Barons had the upper hand. They had three reserves warming up on the sidelines and yelling support. Tintin explained to me how the Karori player in the incongruous black and white striped shirt was actually a friendly hockey player who was subbed in from the thin spectatorship.

The whistle blew as a Karori player took a hard tackle and was left lying on the ground. He soon came limping off the field looking for ice. It's at about this point that Tintin and Bryn packed up the clubroom and left. Karori desperately needed new substitutes, but they muttered some excuse which was probably bullshit; about having work in the morning, before they shuffled off into the murky wind. I was then the only spectator left. The Karori player in orange boots asked me if I'd like to join the game during a lull in the action. "I don't think that would help," I said politely. Fortunately the whistle blew before I could begin a long speech about journalistic integrity to justify my decision. I found out later the player also tried to recruit the ref, to no avail.

Throughout the game, the Barons kept most of the play in Karori's half of the field. About 10 minutes in, a lightning fast Karori

throw-in got stolen by the Baron's and yeeted through the mid-field. A melee of red and black figures circled the ball like a school of tropical fish. A long-kick by the Baron's forward took the ball screaming towards the goal, only to be batted away brilliantly by the Karori goalie's fingertips. As he fell to the ground stunned, the ball rolled back out onto the pitch.

In that moment the inevitable became apparent. The Baron striker gave the ol' pignos a decent booting into the high part of the net, which distended triumphantly.

At some point after the Barons score another point, the hockey player catches a mean header. After having his cap knocked off, he sprinted down the wing to take a shot at goal. Caught by the red goalie, the ball got punted over the other half and the usual pattern of play resumed itself.

Despite Karori putting up a strong defence, the ability of the Barons to field new subs and keep up the atmosphere had decisively turned the game. At some point I distinctly heard one of the Barons scream "big kicks!" from the sideline. They score a triumphant final point.

I talked to one of the benched Barons. He told me that despite having already sent two to hospital that night, "we're trying not to rough them up too much". There was indeed more than a few dramatic tackles, which mainly impacted Karori.

Once the final whistle blew they all began shaking hands manically. They didn't even form a line. It is this kind of sportsmanship that Normal Soccer is all about. The Barons went and did a big group hug, complete with chanting. Karori by comparison strewed themselves besides their gear on the far sideline, looking tired.

The Barons asked me to take a team photo of them. I tried to explain that the lighting was kinda shit. They didn't seem to care so I yelled some vague instructions and they seemed pleased by it. It was Karori's turn to line up in the goal next with shade across their faces. As we split to leave, the player who tried to recruit me near half time confides: "It's a shame you weren't here from the start. We had a really good first half."

A nighttime photograph of a soccer match. In the foreground, a referee in a black and white striped shirt is running towards the left. To his right, a player in a red jersey is running towards the right. The player's jersey has the text "BETTER FOOTBALL" visible. The background shows other players and a dark stadium setting.

*"It's a shame  
you weren't here  
from the start.  
We had a really  
good first half."*



LOCAL BODY ELECTIONS –

THIS OCTOBER. Before you instinctively turn the page from fear of multi-year feuds, three-hour-long hearings on potholes, or because you just simply don't care - hear me out on this one because it could change Dunedin.

I'm spending my recent columns to break down the Local Body Elections – what they are, what they mean, and what you need to do so you're ready come October.

You might have no clue what I'm talking about.

That's okay.

There are three "groups" you vote on in Local

Elections; the City Council (DCC), Regional Council (ORC), and the District Health Board (DHB). I could go into depth about the differences but, to be honest, you don't actually need to know – you just need to know your issues.

Match your issues with the candidates and they'll already be matched with the right Council or Board to achieve them. Simple.

Here at OUSA we're putting together some candidate pledges – where candidates will (or won't) pledge towards some student-focused policies. We'll take these and

summarise them on our website for you.

On top of this, we'll be hosting candidate drop-ins and a Mayoral debate (THIS THURSDAY, 12NOON, MCR) and, in the voting forms themselves, there will be information on all candidates.

Spend some time thinking on what's important to you – look through our student-focused policies (and decide for yourself whether you like them or not), read up on the candidates, and show Aotearoa that Dunedin gives a damn.

James X

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

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EMERGENCY PREPAREDNESS WEEK WHEN STUFF GETS REAL

The Daily Reflection Mon 2nd - Fri 6th Sept

Emergency Preparedness Radio 1 Interview Series Tune in to Radio 1 during the week

Blood Drive Tues 3rd - Wed 4th Sept

Shake Out Tues 3rd Sept

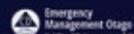
How on Earthquake?! Airing Tues 3rd-Thur 5th Sept

Activity Day Thur 5th Sept

Lock Down Drill Fri 6th Sept

Additional info at ousa.org.nz/events

For support contact OUSA Student Support, University Chaplains or make an appointment at Student Health



# An Interview with Ant Timpson, Director of Come to Daddy



*Come to Daddy* ♥

By Wyatt Ryder

At 57, veteran New Zealand film maker Ant Timpson has made his directorial debut with his film *Come To Daddy* - a hybrid of a thriller and dark comedy.

Timpson started in the film industry writing and sending letters to various film production companies, trying to help any way he could. "We fall into this trap of telling ourselves to make something and then if you don't know how to get it out to an audience then you can get really frustrated; I feel like I'm in a good position of knowing all the ins and outs. I had the bug early on and was an obsessive film person who used to go to the movies by myself. I knew eventually that I wasn't going to just do a degree just to satisfy my parents," he said. "It seems so hard to get the job of your dreams and the whole landscape is different to what you can do. You can join the chain and become one part of a cog in the machine or you can create your own little machine."

Timpson said that while *Come to Daddy* gets called a horror a lot, "to me it's not a horror. It definitely has a basis and foundation in thriller. In terms of comedic levels it's not as overtly big in note as horror comedy. *Come to Daddy* is wry, gallows humour. Not *Shaun of the Dead* over the top humour. It's more the *Fargo* school of dark comedy."

The film stars Elijah Woods as Norval, a thirty-year-old wannabe DJ who receives a letter from his father (Stephen McHattie) wanting to reconnect after thirty years. The meeting does not go as expected, laced itself with darkly comedic gallows humour. "New Zealand history has a history of horror comedy that has international recognition so it does kind of have those expectations around it, but I think it's less New Zealand comedy and more just my personal style," said Timpson

While Timpson has plans to keep growing his film career in the future, he plans to ride the wave of *Come to Daddy* for a while. "I'm the hardest judge on this film but also on a lot of films that are similar, and I feel like *Come to Daddy* is a lot of fun. It's the most fucking wild ride you're going to have in the cinema this year. What do I have to compete with, Marvel? That's not just me saying that, the response has been really positive. I feel confident that the people the film is targeted towards will love it. The rest? Who gives a shit. If you're looking for something off the beaten track this will deliver."

*Come to Daddy* featured as part of the New Zealand International Film Festival, and may be available for public release in the near future - so keep your eyes peeled.



# Close Encounters of the **Bird Kind**

Critic goes to the Albatross Colony for free and rubs it in your face for 1000 words

---

When Critic gets invited somewhere with the promise of free food and VIP treatment, it's fuckin' on. We gleefully headed out to the Otago Peninsula to see some albatross on a drizzly Saturday, which turned out to be a truly magical day of colonialism, petty theft, and cool bird facts.

The journey began with a dramatic reading of an old Scottish poem by Robbie Burns, in the booming voice of our van driver and tour guide. We began to feel like tourists seeing Dunedin with fresh eyes and a renewed interest in gingerbread architecture. Rolling across scenic hills to the Peninsula was genuinely, wholesomely, lovely. And we weren't even on heroin (yet). But around the twenty-minute mark there were a few too many sharp turns, the van windows fogged up, and the albatross insignia on the windows blocked our remaining meagre view out the van. As we careened

By Nobody in Particular | Photo credit: Aiman Amerul Muner  
around the corners and our tour guide continued to recite details of the Peninsula's rich history, the carsickness hit hard. History is not a good cure for nausea.

Upon arrival, after a moment of recovery and rejoicing solid ground, we hurried out of the rain and into the visitor's centre. Eight (maybe?) writers looking out of place in a wildlife sanctuary did nothing for the ambience. Dominated by a huge gift store sporting the usual array of Merino garb, stuffed animals, and obscure magnets, the rest of the main entrance took the backseat. Even the stuffed albatross hanging from the ceiling couldn't distract from the unfortunate touristy element. Is it their main source of profit? Technically, yes. But that is no excuse for poor taste. Except for the excellent squid lamps hanging from the ceiling. And the squid stained-glass windows. Actually, what am I talking about, the place was rad.

## We began to feel like tourists seeing Dunedin with fresh eyes and a renewed interest in gingerbread architecture.



We all shuffled into a small movie theatre room for a tour introduction, and the two rows of seats made it a very intimate experience. The tour guide explained how terrifyingly large albatross are: 3.5 metres, i.e. two average-sized people stacked on top of one another. They all look so peaceful and serene in the postcards, but you would not want a huge fucking bird closer than necessary. Though graceful in flight, they are terrible at landing and even worse when walking. It's nice to be able to relate to the animal kingdom.

We migrated (like the albatross) out into the blustery peninsula air, stopping by the old jail for a quick history lesson. When Dunedin was convinced they were going to be invaded by Russian submarines, a barrack and various gun towers were made where the albatrosses nest today. We were going to go into the gun house but it was "just painted" and they "didn't want anyone to asphyxiate" (sounds more like they were trying to hide something, tbh). Being that we at Critic are all into consensual choking, we were pretty disappointed but continued onwards. Once inside the viewing building, it was toasty warm and we were ready to stalk some winged creatures.

The baby albatross were tucked up in hollows along the cliffside to stay cosy. A couple of them were doing something scientists call "the flappy flap attempt" – when young albatrosses stand up and stretch out their wings and hop around to start learning how to fly. Only two of the six or so babies were doing this, who we will affectionately call the "jocks", whereas the others were perfectly content staying curled up and comfortable (the "nerds"). We didn't see any adult albatross in all their ridiculously large glory, but there was much excitement about the shag colony on the rocks below building dirt and grass nests. Find you a man like that.

As time passed, whispers among us of albatross burglary gained momentum; simply because the longer you looked at the fluffy babies, the more intense the desire to take one home

became. We were a group of small children and the albatross babies were the toys your mum wouldn't buy you. They looked like the perfect size for a good snuggle with all those fluffy feathers. We refrained from stealing, for now. (Or did we?) On our walk back to the warm respite of the main building, we met some sheep, which we also considered stealing. We definitely did not return at midnight with balaclavas and a getaway car (the OUSA van) and commit some light sheep rustling. Nope. Wouldn't dream of it.

There were a good few hours between the albatross tour and the penguin tour. The time stretched out in front of us like an albatross wingspan. Half the group stayed in the warm and had a hearty snack, while the other half decided it was time for an adventure. We piled into a car and drove five minutes down the road to a series of tunnels and gun emplacements built in the hills from the Russian scare days. Our beloved editor, Charlie, having extensive knowledge of random places where raves are occasionally held, lead the way. Exploring muddy, spooky and abandoned caves was a perfect intermission.

Finally, it was penguin time. This was the most exciting part of the trip. We headed down, nabbed our spots, and waited. Waiting for the penguins to arrive is a strange experience. You eagerly watch the waves, staring out into the freezing wind and checking regularly to make sure your nose hasn't fallen off. Suddenly, an adorable platoon of penguins charged the shore, hopping their way over a group of rocks and scrambling up the penguin highway. You're only a few feet away, but the penguins don't give a guano. They go about their business as if there aren't a bunch of overexcited Critic reporters pointing at them and snapping pics. Then they dart into their homes, and it's over.

After a long day of birds and banter, we were all happy to head home, having learnt an important lesson: it's not about the friends you're with, but rather the albatross you steal meet along the way.

# Street Art First Sight

Presented by Vault 21

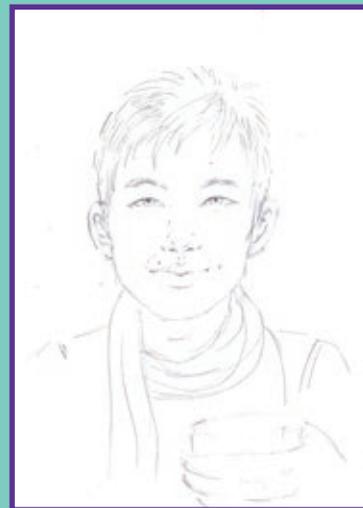
Three humans on three wheels darting around dark alleys, sounds like Spiderman and his buddies are joining the circus... Street Art at First Sight was in fact an OUSA Art Week event set up for like-minded arty folk to meet up and get a night on the town, Tuk Tuk style.

Dunedin's street art is pretty neat, throw in some fine dining and cocktails at Vault 21, and a large man panting like a dog with asthma, as he rides a 300kg rickshaw around, and ya got yaself a romantic(?) night for four lucky couples. But wait there's more... the final test for the lovebirds was to sketch their date while scoffing down their steamed bun.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so you be the judge. All in all, Street Art at First Sight was a success not a sucksesh, come and get your ride on next year!



*Roses are red, violets are blue,  
 I had the best night and I hope he did too.  
 Walking in with a jacket three sizes too big,  
 I grabbed my drink and took a swig.  
 Going around Dunedin on our tuk,  
 Telling me his dreams of becoming a cook.  
 Looking at me through big circle glasses,  
 We talked about uni and all my classes.  
 Dinner at Vault 21 – a bit fancier than bread  
 and butter,  
 I did get a fanny flutter*



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**ART**  
 DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

REBECCA BAUMANN *Once More With Feeling* 2014 Stencil, Tricolour Millboard, pigments, spotlight. Photograph by Bo Wong. Courtesy of the artist and Starbuckie

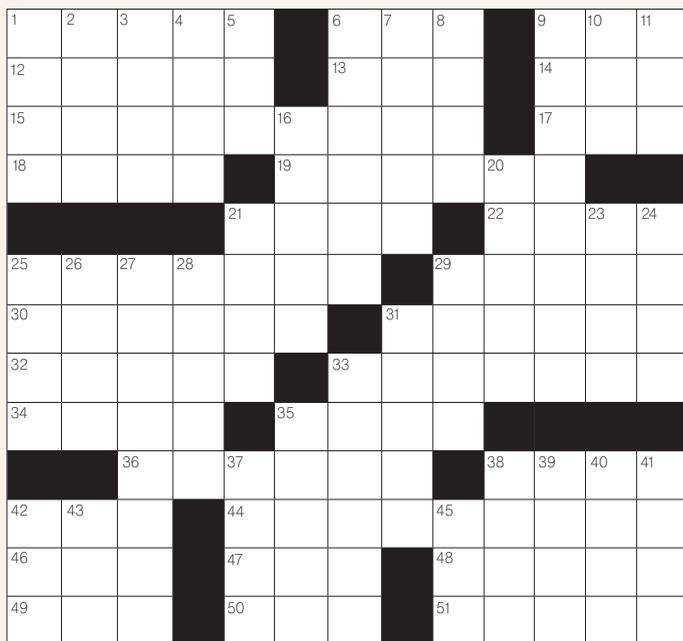
**in MOTION**  
 THE MOVING PARTS OF CONTEMPORARY ART

Supporting Partner  
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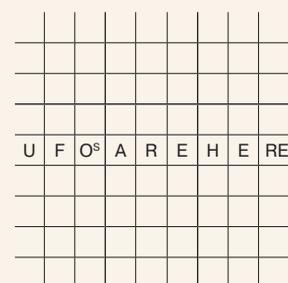
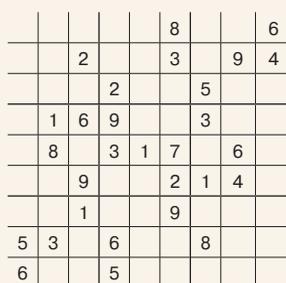
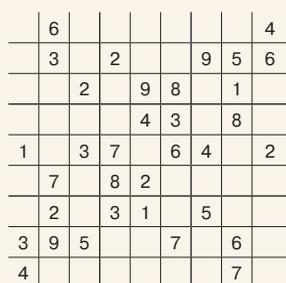
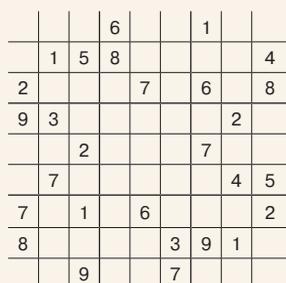


# PUZZLES

Brought to you by Mazagram



- Across**
- Chicago's Airport
  - Curtain holder
  - Vane dir.
  - Radar's kin
  - Before, to poets
  - Squeak by
  - Like far-reaching plans (hyph.)
  - Pen point
  - Certain poems
  - Oolong server
  - Village
  - Small bottle
  - Loafer ornaments
  - Spear
  - Real
  - Skill
  - Town's announcer
  - Scuffles
  - Care for
  - Mailed
  - Zodiac sign
  - Iridescent gem
- Down**
- Norwegian port
  - Cowl
  - Novelist \_\_\_\_\_ Rice
  - \_\_\_\_\_ to riches
  - Mess up
  - Extends (a subscription)
  - Keyboard instrument
  - Not shallow
  - Guard
  - Snow runner
  - spider's handiwork
  - Pronoun
  - Clarify
  - Apiece
  - Neither's partner (hyph.)
  - Yup!
  - Apply
  - Moved sneakily
  - Lagoon's boundary
  - Track shapes
  - Salty drop
  - Teen's woe
  - Allows
  - Poise
  - Farm unit
  - Wasp's defenses
  - Brushed leather
  - Endure
  - Roman gown
  - Professor's protection
  - Farm buildings
  - Waiter's handout
  - Aroma
  - Window section
  - Over
  - For fear that
  - 007, e.g.
  - Laughter syllable
  - Co. abbr.



## Top 10 Things You Could Have Done Over Mid-Semester Break if Your Life Was More Together

- Masturbate. For the entire time.
- Catch up on those assignments you've been avoiding.
- Catch up on all of that weed you could have been smoking.
- Snoop through your flatmates' bedrooms while they're at home for the week.
- Roam around campus. Soak in the overwhelming emptiness of the hallways and lecture theatres. Dwell on your own insignificance.
- Watch Antz (1998).
- Wonder who let the main character in Antz ponder what was or wasn't in his "erotic fantasies" when he got rejected by a romantic interest.
- Consider how uncanny valley the Antz art style is, and how weirdly reminiscent it is of Butt Ugly Martians (remember them?).
- Spend the next 144 hours on a nostalgia trip that you think you are enjoying but ultimately leaves you longing for the simplicity of your childhood and how dope it would be if your assignments were making macaroni picture frames for your parents, or moulding them a clay ash tray.
- Have an early night for class the next day.

**WEDNESDAY 4TH SEPTEMBER**  
**Open Mic Night w./ Boaz Anema**  
 Dog With Two Tails  
 8pm  
 Free entry

**THURSDAY 5TH SEPTEMBER**  
**Emma G**  
 Dog With Two Tails  
 w./ Darryl Baser and Kylie Price  
 8pm  
 Three Quarter Marathon

**THE COOK**  
 Tickets from hoochie.org  
 9pm  
<https://www.hoochie.org/events-1/three-quarter-marathon-nz-marathon-dunedin>

**FRIDAY 6TH SEPTEMBER**  
**DJ St Bernard - 'You Should Be Dancing' Tour 3**  
 The Cook  
 Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz.  
 8pm.

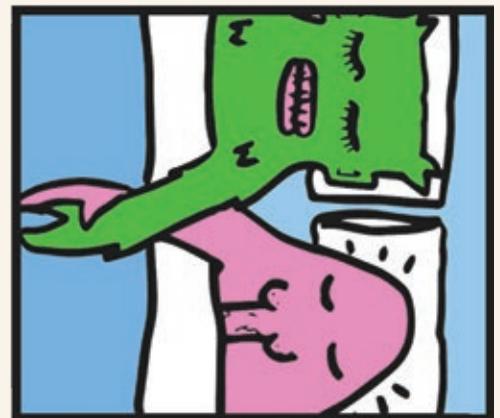
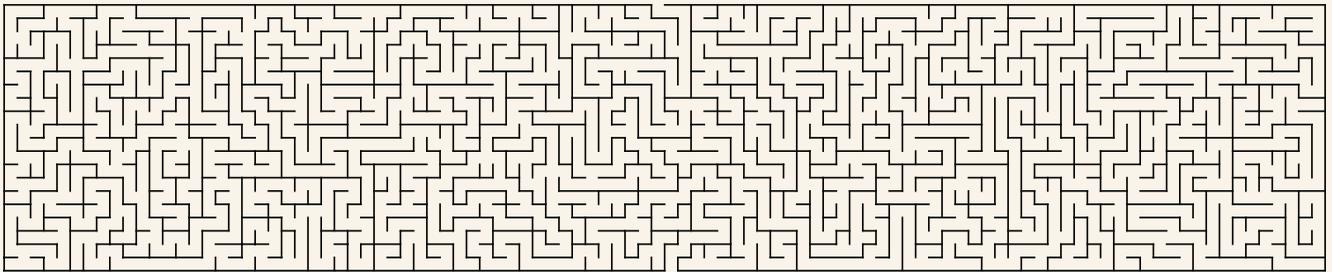
<https://www.undertheradar.co.nz/ticket/10643/You-Should-Be-Dancing---Nz-Tour-3.utr>

**Mild Orange U-Bar**  
 Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz.  
 8pm.  
<https://www.undertheradar.co.nz/ticket/10608/Mild-Orange-First-Taste-Tour.utr>

**Mako Road**  
 Starters Bar

9pm  
 Free entry

**SUNDAY 8TH SEPTEMBER**  
**Tessa Romano (USA)**  
 Marama Hall, University Of Otago  
 3pm. \$10 students / \$20 non-students.  
 Bill Martin and Jesse Kokaua  
 Inch Bar  
 5pm  
 Free entry





By Sinkpiss Plath

## Booze Reviews Gordon's Gin & Tonic

There're times in one's life when you just have to say Fuck It and drink G&T in a can. For those who are experiencing the bleakness of life's existence, just drink Gordon's Gin and Tonic RTD 12-pack and get it over with. For me, a G&T is what I drink when I'm trying to "watch my calories," only to drink a few cans and then smash down a chicken kebab at 2am. To be fair, a kebab is like 70% lettuce anyway. Plus Subway is now open

late so just watch me be a skinny bitch with a 6-inch pork riblet.

Gordon's G&T tastes like if lemonade had a child with shower water. It's sweet, it's bubbly and the overall urine taste is minimal. Badaboom. They're cheaper than whatever Long White or White Rhino you were probably reaching for (on a side note, why do all the trendy drinks of 2019 have the word 'white' in them? Welcome to my Ted Talk on institutionalised racism within consumer choices.).

If you're looking for something to drink in the comfort of your living room while pretending that you're in some ~trendy~ hipster

bar, then string up the fairy lights and take a sip of this motherfucker. Sure, it's diluted as hell and barely tastes of gin. Sure, there's actually 213 calories per can and sure I will drink 9 cans and cry about how no one loves me. But that's Gordon's G&T for you, baby.

**Taste Rating: 2.13/10**

**Froth Level: Fairy lights!!**

**Pairs well with: A KFC Family Feast bucket consisting of 10 pieces of Secret Recipe Fried Chicken, 2 large Chips and 1 large Potato & Gravy.**

**Tasting notes: A late night shower.**

**STARTERS**  
**WHAT'S GOOD**

**WED: QUIZ NIGHT**  
6PM - 8PM

**THUR: POKER NIGHT**  
7PM - LATE

**BRING BACK THE BOOGIE**  
BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE | 8PM - 12PM

**FRI: LOOP: MAKO ROAD**  
CORONA NIGHT | 8PM - 1AM

**SAT: ALL BLACKS VS TONGA**  
2:30PM - 4:30PM



## Aquarius

Jan 20 - Feb 18

Stand in the lounge facing the flatmate you hate the most. Hold your hands up, make them mirror your actions. Start weeping, break the distance, hold them close.

**This week's lunchbox trade: Blue Moosie**



## Pisces

Feb 19 - Mar 20

No wonder your back is sore, Pisces. You've been carrying around that big mf heart all week. Get your most attractive friend to give you a massage.

**This week's lunchbox trade: Mamee noodles, raw**



## Aries

Mar 21 - Apr 19

Chivalry ain't dead this week. Write your lecture crush a letter and slip it in their AS Colour tote when they aren't looking.

**This week's lunchbox trade: Tiny Teddies with dip**



## Taurus

Apr 20 - May 20

Your chakras are all out of whack, Taurus. Perfect time to realign and insert something up your anus.

**This week's lunchbox trade: Skoff BBQ Tripods**



## Gemini

May 21 - Jun 20

2019 is already halfway over and you still haven't tried crack yet. That's all I'm gonna say.

**This week's lunchbox trade: Fruit nuggets**



## Cancer

Jun 21 - July 22

You need financial inspo as Venus enters your financial zone. Check out the #entrepreneur hashtag on IG. Also, girls who have boys' hoodies - they need em back!!!!

**This week's lunchbox trade: luncheon and tomato sauce sandwich**



## Leo

July 23 - Aug 22

Stop stimulating your bits and stimulate your brain for once. Start doing one Sudoku a day before uni to get your brain juices flowing.

**This week's lunchbox trade: peach Go-gurt**



## Virgo

Aug 23 - Sept 22

Steal the rat king from the Otago Museum and use it as a wreath for your front door.

**This week's lunchbox trade: boiled egg, haha loser**



## Libra

Sept 23 - Oct 22

Spring just got sprung and so have you, bitch.

**This week's lunchbox trade: pineapple Roll-up**



## Scorpio

Oct 23 - Nov 21

This week you look way too sexy to care about climate change.

**This week's lunchbox trade: Banana CalciYum**



## Sagittarius

Nov 22 - Dec 21

The next time you say 'surely' to the boys, something really fucked up is gonna happen and you'll almost definitely deserve it.

**This week's lunchbox trade: Annie's fruit leather, shame.**



## Capricorn

Dec 22 - Jan 19

Try to convince people you have personality by changing your profile picture to something dumb you did on the piss. Humbling, ugly and niche.

**This week's lunchbox trade: Cheese Strings**

# MILD? MEDIUM? HOT?!

**THE BLIND DATE SETUP  
TINDER IS JEALOUS OF.**

*The hopeful lovers on the Critic Blind Date are provided with a meal and a bar tab, thanks to Mamacita. If you're looking for love and want to give the Blind Date a go, email [blinddate@critic.co.nz](mailto:blinddate@critic.co.nz)*

## ARISTOTLE

My night started off with my two (female) friends blasting Lizzo telling me I was a 'bad bitch' as they objected to many different outfits that I had put on. Naturally, I was nervous for the date so I downed half a bottle of wine right before I hopped on a Lime Scooter, like a badass, and rolled my way over to Mamacitas. From the beginning, I could tell that my date, call her Plato, was a very kind and intelligent person. She was very pretty, and our primary conversation presiding over Aristotelean metaphysics set the mood for our shared meal of tacos and frozen margaritas. As we continued with the conversation, I was quite impressed by her wide breadth of knowledge in the field of Phaedrus by Plato. After that we got into the topic of Mozart's most scintillating symphonies. We each agreed the Fifth Symphony was much too overrated. I saw a twinkle in beautiful Plato's eyes as we talked about the need for gun law reforms in my home nation of the United States. She truly was very cute, and certainly very kind to me, but I could tell she just didn't like me much. No love lost, since she was a great companion for a good time out on the town. After we finished up our conversation of subatomic particles in the ninth dimension, as well as our drinks, we headed over to Countdown sharing a singular dart, to purchase a bottle of wine on our way to the Goon and Cheese party put on by the Ski Club (shout out Ski Club, party was pretty awesome.) My night with Plato ended when I extended an invitation to go and smoke a jazz cigarette, and her decline. All in all a good time, but I just wasn't what she was looking for. After all, Plato and Aristotle together could never be.

## PLATO

This is short and sweet but I suppose that sets the tone for the night that followed. After trying to get myself on a last minute blind date, Critic felt sorry for me and offered me one in a few weeks' time. Tonight was the night, after downing a few tequila shots at Macs and waiting til I was fashionably late, I arrived at Mamacita's. The Patagonia puffer jacket screamed 3 words: American Exchange Student. I was right, I had nabbed myself a liberal creative writing major from New Jersey that coined himself as the next John Green ... what had I gotten myself into? After finally being forced to order, our tacos arrived at lightening quick speed whilst we got to know each other. After being asked multiple times about what I was all about, and having many a compliment thrown my way, I decided he was a nice friend, emphasis on the friend. Conversation stemmed from conspiracy theories and American politics, but no fuck me eyes were being offered back and forth. But we decided to carry the party on and thought it was only right to grab a \$7 bottle of Pinot Gris on the way to a ski club party. Sadly, no rocking romance occurred here ladies and gentlemen, I shook him off after multiple attempts to try and smoke some devil's lettuce. Lovely guy but wasn't quite the wild blind date I had had in mind, and lets just say the friend request from my date is still sitting there ... Thanks heaps to Critic and Mamacita's for letting this single gal get to go on the blind date before her last semester was up.

**\$50 COUPLES  
DEAL**

Get two meals and two drinks for \$50,  
including our margarita slushy!

\*Valid only at dinner time between Mondays and Thursdays.

**MAMACITA**  
TAQUERIA



## UoO Moaningful Confessions

*Had a sexual encounter that was unusual, scandalous, or spicy?  
Send in your moaningful confession to [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz)*

To set the scene. I had installed Tinder and had trouble building momentum for the first few weeks. All the guys seemed to be the same breather, dropping the same lame pickup lines over and over. Finally I'd matched with a lovely looking guy who had the chat and the looks to pass the test. I was finally going to break my tinder dry spell. My parents were on holiday on this fateful night and my brother was out at pint night making it a perfect night to invite him round. I call him over on this cold Dunedin night and boy, he did not disappoint in person. I open the door to this long-haired slender Romeo wearing some of the most alty clothes I'd ever seen, I knew this guy would be kinky. It didn't take long to go from flirting whilst sipping vodka and sharing vapes to getting tangled in each other's arms and making out. The way he

would rub my tits made me sure that he knew what he was doing. He whispers in my ear "let's take this to your room" and his hand pulls mine to his crotch. The heat only escalates in the bedroom. As the clothes came off he gently sucks on each of my boobs. Making the nipples as hard as bullets. His hands do not stray from my tits as his head moves down to my pussy. The feeling between my thighs had felt so good that every lick made my knees twitch. His hands move down to help with his mouth. His fingers had perfect technique making me moan harder and harder. The longer he went the closer I got to the edge, he would notice and then ease up as if he were teasing me to the edge. I couldn't take it any longer and I let go and came so hard I couldn't even see what was going on around me. When I came to I looked down and saw him

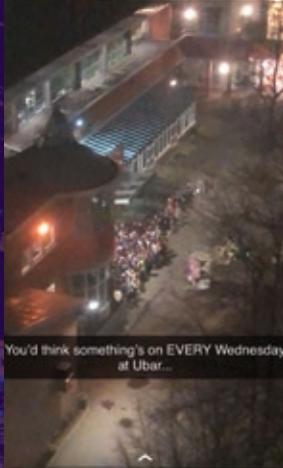
soaked in my juices. The sheets were going to need to be washed as well. However there was one thing I did also notice was my brother's photos on the wall. To give you horny readers an idea of my house. Me and my brother's room are right next to each other down a hallway from the living room. I put two and two together and realise that I've made a massive fuck up. I've just squirted all over my brother's room. Not thinking at all, I tell my boy to clean up and wait in the lounge. As confused as he was, he gets changed and leaves. Not knowing what to do I switch my bedsheets with his and tell him that we're staying at his tonight. This was going to be a problem for the morning. Moral of the story ladies, please check which room you're going in before you squirt in it.



# Snap crack and popple us!



The gorilla warfare between the east and west side of the wall is really starting to ramp up



You'd think something's on EVERY Wednesday at Ubar...



That's the smallest mitre 10 mega ever



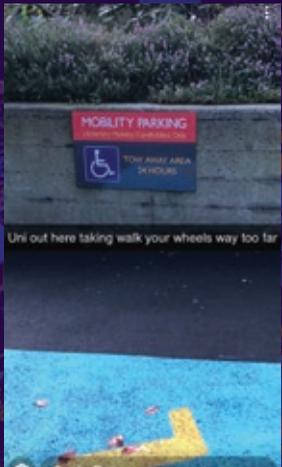
Why the FUXK is James thinking it's ok to not be wearing a khaki hoodie???



When you get your first year med results back :(



There's a rupture in space time



Uni out here taking walk your wheels way too far



Flat for rent  
\$135 pw  
Fully insulated  
Panoramic views

WINNER



nipple

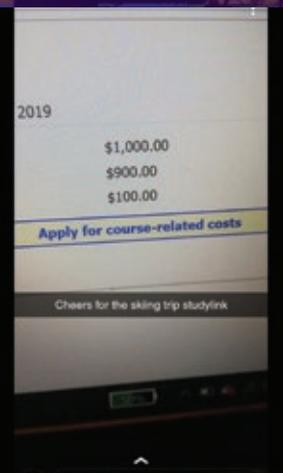


I went fishspotting in the Leith too  
Look I found one



OUSAs will look at legal sale of cannabis

Can't believe SGM bait made the front page



2019  
\$1,000.00  
\$900.00  
\$100.00

Apply for course-related costs

Cheers for the skiing trip studylink

Send us a snap, crack open a Critic & popple up a prize! The best snap each week wins a 24 pack of



### CAPERS CAFE

2-for-1 gourmet pancakes,  
Monday-Friday only.

### CORNERSTONE INK

10% student discount off any tattoo, not  
in conjunction with any other special.

### CRUSTY CORNER

\$6 BLTs Mon-Fri (and more...).

### HEADQUARTERS HAIRDRESSING

George St – Check out our range of  
student discount packages on RAD1 app

### HEADQUARTERS HAIRDRESSING

Great King St – Check out our range of  
student discount packages on RAD1 app

### LUMINO THE DENTISTS

\$69 new patient exams and x-rays  
(and more...).

### ONLY UR'S BEAUTY PARLOUR

Brazilian Maintenance Wax  
for only \$29

### SHOSHA

Free 10ml of Shosha E-juice of choice  
with any starter kit.

### IRESSURECT

Free protective case and glass screen  
protector (valued at \$60) with every  
screen repair.

### STIRLING SPORTS

10% student discount on all full  
priced items.

### THE OUTPOST

10% student discount storewide.

### BACON BUTTIE STATION

Free regular fries with any burger purchase.

### BIGGIE'S PIZZA

2-for-1 NYC Originals pizzas. Add chips & aioli or  
1.5L Pepsi, Pepsi Max, Mountain Dew, or a can of  
Red Bull for \$2.

### COSMIC

10% student discount.

### LEAP DUNEDIN

\$4 off general admission at Leap Dunedin and Clip  
'n Climb.

### T M AUTOMOTIVE

\$52 Warrant of Fitness fee.

### ROB ROY DAIRY

Free upgrade to a waffle cone every Monday and  
Tuesday.

### SUBWAY

Buy any six-inch meal deal and upgrade to a  
footlong meal deal for free.

### ZAIBATSU HAIR ART

Half head of fols and luxury conditioning  
treatment for \$120 (saving \$100).

### STA TRAVEL

10% off Comprehensive Insurance policies (and  
more...).

### HANSON RENTAL VEHICLES

10% student discount on all vehicle hires when  
using the code 2019RAD1.

### ALSO FEATURING ON THE RAD1 APP

Bowl Line | Eat Me Supplements | Hell Pizza  
La Porchetta | Painted Rock Tattoos | RA Hair | Taieri  
Lakes Golf Course | Otago Golf Club | Lorna Jane



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# ousa

otago uni **students'** association



## **OUSA Fails to Get Extended Opening Hours for Central Library**

Marsh hours will be extended in a trial over the exam period

# **Central Library**

New opening hours are **6am-12am**,  
from **Monday 2nd Sep - Saturday 9th Nov**  
*(only at Central library, not any other libraries)*

Check out our website or ask our friendly staff for more details  
[otago.ac.nz/library](http://otago.ac.nz/library)



University  
Library